

## ARRIVED: Mlle. Gaby Deslys

## GAVE OF HIS BLOOD IN VAIN.

## GREAT COMMOTION AT THE PIER WHEN SHE LANDS.

The Actress Who Fascinated Ex-King Manuel of Portugal is Small but Extremely Pretty and Has Charms of Conversation as Well as of Looks.

It is pronounced Gah-bee Deslys. Her name is closer—Mademoiselle, who speaks English nicely, begins many sentences with "p'pape." Mademoiselle, you'll recall, attained her greatest fame when it became noised throughout the cosmos that Portugal's young King had fallen in love with her and that Portugal had upset its throne largely because of the friendship that sprang up between King Manuel and Mlle. Gaby Deslys after the boy and the girl (she is only twenty-two) had been introduced (so the story goes) by King Alfonso.

Mademoiselle came to town yesterday forenoon and stepped ashore from the steamer of La Lorraine into the United States at West Fifth street to begin her theatrical engagement at the Winter Garden. And never in the history of this continent, beginning with the Christopher Columbus and the John Cabots, has a new arrival had such a reception.

Photographers hung from the girders of piers snapping pictures of the young woman as she walked down the gangplank. Women reporters from the sob-soband were on hand to ask her about her looks. Folks that had flocked to the pier to welcome friends forgot the friends momentarily when they learned from the general excitement that the girl who in reality had ended a kingdom was in the vicinity. Not even the arrival of a great actress like Bernhardt ever created a tenth of the excitement.

Mademoiselle, who, as has been said, is 22 years old and looks even younger, came down the gangplank wearing golden, ever so golden, ringlets that didn't look real. Somebody in the crowd said she is "just a woman's height," but she is even smaller than that. Confining the very yellow ringlets was a toque à la "tut," she described it to the groundwork of which was black velvet covered with lace. She has a round and very pretty little face and beneath the velvet, emerald lined toque was a Valenciennes lace gown decorated with the corsage with artificial pink roses that had been crushed.

The diminutive French miss, while she was eating her luncheon, said that she does not smoke and that she drinks only still water.

"The water wagon," some one suggested there were long explanations, but she could not grasp the phrase. The phrase was further explained in the loud voice that one uses when one wants a foreigner with a slight knowledge of the language to understand.

"Non, non, non," she said as she began to cough and spit and a comrade. "I do not object to smoke. But I am so—only the idle—the idle—"

"The idle rich," suggested one who adores Frederick Townsend Martin's kind.

Only the idle rich women can find time to smoke," agreed Gaby Deslys. There was the sound of a sharp crack (this was in the dining room of the St. Regis) then Gaby and her vis-à-vis looked out into the hall as one supposing that an automobile tire had exploded. No, the noise had just filtered from the waiter to another waiter, to a girl in gray that Gaby Deslys was eating cold chicken and the girl in gray had turned quickly.

And about this time a happy thought occurred to the vis-à-vis. On Mlle's right hand was a ring mounted with a diamond exactly the size of a large grape. On her left hand was a ring mounted with two pearls twice as large. Suppose there had been a notice on the bill of fare: "Fruit removed from the dining room charged extra."

The little Gaby of the big gray eyes, the golden ringlets and the emerald lined toque honestly dodges the subjects that some folks would like to ask her about. Some folks on the pier did ask her questions that had to do with the overthrowing of a kingdom.

"I have answered your questions," she said simply, "about my work. I tell you what I am to do here. My own life is my life."

"It is so easy," she said later, "to make—"

"Thank you. The big hurrah with the music, the all that has gone before. I sing, I dance. I sing, I dance. For years I have made Paris and London and Vienna and Berlin like me as an actress. All this time I have been in America and I am excited. But my life is my life. I sing, I dance. For that they must like me—not for what has gone before. If they do not like me, what I can do—what do you call—"

"Good night! That is it."

American women are "sheek." And American men are "sheek."

"The word—a stunner." Which, when you think of it, is not so bad a pronunciation of astounding. "The American men," Mlle. Deslys—who says she has met many of them in Paris—continued, "are expensive, so expensive."

"Expensive," corrected some one.

"Non, non, non. Expensive. From the fact that they are."

"The French men," the American men, "do not affect things, they tell all they know about themselves—that's what Gaby Deslys says."

"The chic American women," continued the questioner, "are they as bright as English women?"

"Oh, ho! ho! ho!" laughed Gaby Deslys. "The question is not whether they are bright or not, but whether they are not."

"The rooms even in the St. Regis," where Mademoiselle is staying, are small compared to her own rooms in Paris. Why should not the St. Regis permit her to have rooms on the same floor for her maid and her maid's maid? But, oh, so wonderful is the height of the hotel, she had told her of the wonderfulness of the high buildings. They are a stunner. And the matinee on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday? Non, non! But what the M'sieu Shubert say so—yes, yes, everything is fine—fine!

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## GAVE OF HIS BLOOD IN VAIN.

## C. J. Evans Failed to Save His Sweetheart's Life.

## GAVE OF HIS BLOOD IN VAIN.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 16.—While the body of Mary Gerlach was being buried to-day in Frederick, Md., Charles Jesse Evans, who for three hours lay on an operating table in the German Hospital on Tuesday while his blood flowed into the girl's veins in a brave but futile effort to save her life, was at his home, 5838 North Park avenue, too weak to attend the funeral. Mr. Evans was engaged to be married to Miss Gerlach. Miss Gerlach came to this city about two years ago from Frederick and met Mr. Evans at a dance. A year ago the couple announced their engagement and planned to be married in the coming winter.

On Labor Day Miss Gerlach went to Atlantic City for a short vacation, was taken ill and had to return to the German Hospital, where it was found necessary to perform an operation. The girl had been anemic and she lost so much blood during the operation that her chances for recovery seemed slight. On Tuesday morning the physicians told Evans that his sweetheart would probably not live throughout the day. He was almost overcome by the news and prepared for a final talk with the girl.

Realizing that she would probably live only a few hours, Miss Gerlach requested Mr. Evans to go to her home in West Philadelphia, select the trinkets from her belongings that he wanted to keep in remembrance of her and send the remainder to her mother in Frederick, Md.

Mr. Evans left the dying girl, having said his final farewell. He had hardly reached his home in Fern Rock when he received a telephone from the hospital saying that if he would immediately submit to a transfusion of some of his healthy blood to the girl's veins her life might yet be saved.

"But you must hurry," the doctors said. "No time can be lost."

Overjoyed by the news Mr. Evans hastened to the hospital. At 4:30 o'clock he was on an operating table beside his sweetheart, who was in a semi-conscious condition. For three hours the blood flowed to the girl and as the healthy fluid entered her veins she seemed to rally.

At 7:30 o'clock the operation was ended and Mr. Evans by that time was almost as weak as the girl. It was believed that by his sacrifice he had saved Miss Gerlach's life, but at midnight she suddenly became worse and died.

Mr. Evans did not know of the failure of his effort until the morning and then the shock, with the great loss of blood he had undergone, prostrated him. Since then he has been under the care of a physician at his home.

## FRIEND OF GAMBETTA.

Lucien Hector-Depasse, Socialist Leader and Deputy, Dies in Paris.

PARIS, Sept. 16.—Lucien Hector-Depasse, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, died at Ville d'Avray, a suburb of Paris, to-day. He was 68 years old. He was born at Armentières and made journalism his main occupation. He was a great friend of Gambetta and collaborated with him on *La République Française*. His best known book was "Les Transformations Sociales," which he published in 1904.

He was Municipal Councillor of Paris from 1881 to 1890 and was president of the Parliamentary Committee on Aviation. He took a leading part in the activities of the radical socialist societies.

## GREAT CLIMBER PASSES AWAY.

Edward Whymper, Artist, Naturalist and Alpinist, Dead at Chamonix.

CHAMONIX, Sept. 16.—Edward Whymper, the explorer who made the first ascent of the Matterhorn when he was 25 years old, died here to-day. He was born in London in 1840. In 1860 he was sent by a London publisher to sketch the Alpine peaks. In 1861 he reached the summit of Mount Pelvoux, and in 1864 ascended the Point des Ecrins. In 1865 he scaled the Matterhorn and was the first man to reach this summit.

In 1867 Whymper made a trip to Greenland. One result of his explorations was the collection of rare fossil plants which are now in the British Museum. His discovery of magnolia cones demonstrated the former existence of luxuriant vegetation in the now frozen North. In 1879 he visited the Ecuadorian Andes and reached the top of Chimborazo. During this trip he discovered several Andean glaciers and made important fossil collections.

He was a Fellow and Patron's Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society and an honorary member of the Geographical Society of Paris, also of the French, Swiss and Italian Alpine clubs, of the Sierra, Appalachian, Rocky Mountain and New York clubs and Knight of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus.

He was an artist, author and traveller. Some of his better known works are "Scrambles Among the Alps," "Travels Amongst the Great Andes of the Equator" and "Chamonix and Mont Blanc." He married Miss Edith Lewin of London in 1894, but obtained a legal separation from her a year ago.

OBITUARY.

John Eaton, "Daddy of the Pennsylvania oil fields," the biggest oil well supply manufacturer and pioneer in the world, died yesterday in Atlantic City of heart disease. He left his home in Pittsburgh less than a week ago in the hope of regaining his health. Mr. Eaton was formerly president of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce and at the time of his death was president of the Oil Well Supply Company. John Eaton was born in Laque, a later county, New York, seventy-one years ago. He was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn and when young began his business career while working for Joseph Nason & Co., New York, manufacturers of brass fittings. He received his education at night school. In 1878 he was associated with the firm of Eaton, Cole & Burnham of New York and from that concern sprang the Oil Well Supply Company. Mr. Eaton also was president of the Continental Tube Company until that concern was absorbed by the United States Steel Corporation. He was married in 1883 to Miss Margaret H. Collins of Brooklyn. Mr. Eaton was a member of the Engineers Club of New York and nearly all the leading Pittsburgh clubs. He was a Knight Templar and a thirty-second degree Mason.

Frederick Watson, a vaudeville actor, died yesterday in the Red Cross Hospital as a result of an injury received while on a Western tour with "The Warrens of Virginia," which developed varicose veins. He appeared at one time as the stage sparring partner of Robert Fitzsimmons. Mr. Watson was a Mason and a member of the Lamb Club.

Sprague Family Party Arrives.

Ex-Gov. William Sprague of Rhode Island, his wife and his granddaughter, Mrs. Henry M. Stiness, arrived yesterday by the French liner La Lorraine, the granddaughter under her maiden name, Avia Sprague. She was recently divorced from her husband by the Tribunal of the Seine. She claims residence in Paris, Boston and Narragansett. She brought her two-year-old daughter Inez.

Wagon Wheels Spill a Woman.

A woman crossing the street at West Seventeenth street and Ninth avenue last night became confused and ran into the rear wheels of a wagon driven by Dominico Belushi of 5 Baxter street. She was thrown to the pavement and was seriously injured. She told the police that she was Mrs. Mary Thompson and lived in Summit avenue, West Hoboken. She was taken to New York Hospital and is not in a serious condition.

STRAYED AWAY IN HER SLEEP.

Motorman Finds Girl Wandering in Night-dress Half a Mile From Home.

A barefooted young woman wearing only a nightdress and with her hair loose down her back was seen by the motorman of a Nostrand avenue car at Lee avenue and Taylor street, Williamsburg, early yesterday morning. She seemed to be walking in her sleep. The motorman stopped the car in front of the Tyler street police station, a block further on, and called Lieut. Lyman and Policeman Bender.

When the cops woke up the somnambulist she began to scream and became hysterical. She was shivering from exposure. After she had been taken to the police station and provided with more clothing she said she was Sophie Michaels, 22 years old, of 706 Lee avenue.

The police learned that the young woman was subject to sleep walking, but she had never walked out of her house before. She had gone nearly half a mile before the motorman saw her. When she was taken back to her home by a policeman her parents were not aware that she had been away.

BOYS ACCUSE WATCHMAN.

Youngsters Say Fettered Guardian Fired Shot at Them.

Two boys announced to a policeman last night that they had been shot at. One exhibited a stained face, saying that the stains were powder marks, and the other said the ball had just missed his heel. The policeman found Gustav Kessler of 417 East Twenty-fourth street serving as watchman over a dokey engine at that address. Kessler declared that the boys nattered him, calling him "Crazy Gus." He had fired a revolver in the air to frighten them. The policeman arrested him for carrying a pistol without a license.



# JACOB RUPPERT'S Knickerbocker

## The Beer That Satisfies

UNCLE SAM leads the nations of the earth in the production and consumption of lager beer and malt beverages. Father Knickerbocker leads the cities of America in both production and consumption. Uncle Sam has, for many years, received the annual wreath of victory for having produced the purest and most healthful beer beverages—a prize which, after a rigid investigation, he gladly places upon Ruppert's Knickerbocker Beer, "the beer that satisfies," because there is not in the United States a better beer brewed.

THERE are several reasons why the Jacob Ruppert Brewery produces beer so good that there is none better at any price anywhere. We search the hop and barley markets of the world and buy the best; we use every precaution and adopt every sanitary method known to the trade in malting, brewing, bottling and delivering; we only employ skilled and experienced men in all our departments; every department is equipped with the best and most modern machinery ever invented for the making of beer; all our beer is bottled at the brewery and handled by us until it reaches the retail dealer, who delivers it in perfect condition to the consumer.

For sale by all dealers and on draught in hundreds of the best hotels and cafes throughout Greater New York.

[Our brewery is always open to visitors for inspection.]

### Jacob Ruppert, Brewer

Third Ave., 90th to 93d St.

## AUTO HITS BOY SKATER.

Driver Surrenders to Police After Crushing Lad's Skull.

Joseph Lewin, a seventeen-year-old skater of 1015 East 156th street, the Bronx, fastened on his roller skates after dinner last evening and went out to join his friends. He was coasting down East 151st street when at Prospect avenue either his skate loosened or he lost his balance and the rear wheels of the automobile of Dr. John S. Blackman of 133 West 129th street passed over his head, crushing his skull.

Blackman stopped short and picked up the unconscious boy, rushed him to a nearby drug store, where an ambulance was called. After seeing the lad taken on the operating table of the German Hospital, with a very slight chance of recovery, the physician drove to the Manhattan police station and gave himself up.

Witnesses, however, convinced Coroner that the doctor was in no way responsible for the accident, and he was released. Surety was given by the contractor for the boy's brothers are in the hospital with a broken leg—while his mother is ill at home.

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